Then nightly sings the staring Owle.
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot,

When all aloude the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw;
And Birdes sit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
When roasted Crabbs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who,
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

The vvordes of Mercurie, are harsh after the songes of Apollo.

FINIS.

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